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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1849. WHOLE NO. 1460.

Original Poetry.

"THE WILL OF MY FATHER."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY JOHN J. MOSHER.

MATT. 17—18. For whosoever shall do the will of my Father, which is in Heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.

"The will of my father" how joyous I bow,
At solemn compelling it reverence me know;
No more from the confines of glory to me,
Than "the will of my Father"—no sound is more sweet,
As I endure with sparks and sing at His feet;
Joy rises o'er joy, and the waves of delight,
Full, boundless, increasing, last day my night.

"The will of my Father" forbids me to dread,
He loves ever faithful back guarded my bed;
His now I may commune, and rejoice in love,
And long to be with Him in glory above.

"The will of my Father," it rests on my heart,
Like the rainbow of promise—a token of light;
Like's evanescent adornment—across mist they beam,
Far-wide in its radiance, and bright in its gleam.

"The will of my Father"—it follows me well,
I feel its kind impulse, I know 'tis His will.
Kin-ship's crown, and kingdom's sceptre in His hand,
And tasks mild and cheerless grow bright and strong.

"The will of my Father"—it nourishes the germ—
Utter, minut, and thinking the leaves the tomb—
The eternals of glory become bright o'er the soul,
And welcome the spirit at heaven's high goal.

"The will of my Father," well and it is done,
All the anguish and despair of life overgone,
To the immortal mansions of glory I go,
Oh "The will of my Father," my Saviour and King.

Pictures of Life.

GOING UP AND COMING DOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Edward Everton had filled, for some six or seven years, the situation of clerk in a wholesale dry-goods company, for which he received a salary of eleven hundred dollars. He was married and had three children, the eldest of whom, a boy, was just old enough to be enjoyed the comforts of a very neat little house in Spruce Street, for which he paid, per annum, the moderate rent of two hundred dollars.

Perhaps there was no family in the city that resembled, in all respects, a small section of that of Everton. His wife employed but one domestic, and if was a common remark with her that she would be troubled with more. She was, therefore, often able to have all things kept very neat in the parlors of Edward's house, and to wear clothes of a more costly character, and on the moderate scale here indicated, proved quite as well as if she had employed a boarder, an annual surplus of from one to two hundred dollars, over and above her husband's deposit in the Savings's Bank. And yet, their table was well furnished, and their persons in like circumstances had better clothing than themselves to begin with.

To speed an evening with Everton and his wife, it their dear friend, Mr. Harker, was a pleasant luxury. The very air was pervaded by the spirit of content.

One day a friend, who had about six months before commenced business for himself, said to Everton:

"I'm sorry to see you plodding along on that way. Your family is increasing, and your income will soon be inadequate for your expenses. You don't try to make a start in the world for yourself."

Everton shrugged his shoulders, and replied that he didn't think he had any reason to complain of his weekly condition.

"Oh, you contented souls and thousands worse off."

"But is that a reason," said the friend, "why you should be willing to be governed by luck or accident?"

"Oh, no, certainly not. But there is no occasion for that. But with your ability, and a family growing up around you, I should expect to make a start, or establish yourself in some profitable and suitable business. A thousand circumstances may occur to leave you but a poor support for your family. As a clerk, you are subjected to the caprice, prejudices, misapprehensions, and even ill-nature of your employer, and with all this drawback, you have, comparatively, but a small income, and can never, therefore, lay by anything, or provide for your family of the case you are removed from them. Depend upon it, Everton, you must make a different move, and make a start in life. You may get along very comfortably now, while your children are small; but, a few years hence, you will see a different case."

"True. A few years has already made a difference in our expenses."

"And this will become more and more apparent every day. You get eleven hundred dollars I believe?"

"Yes. That is my salary."

"And, no doubt, it takes every cent to carry you through?"

"Oh, no."

"You don't save anything on eleven hundred dollars?"

"Yes. We put by a hundred or two dollars every year."

"Then you have to live exceedingly close. To be ever cutting and carving, and to feel the full enjoyment of life in your efforts to be economical."

"No, not by any means so bad as that. I believe we enjoy ourselves quite as well as most people. We are not, I may say, the first subjects of economy, but, in doing so, we are not deprived of any real comforts. If we had millions, I hardly think we could do more."

"Then, were it not for increasing wants, I would by no means advise you to change. But, these will come, and, as a wise man, I hope you will do as I have done. A year ago, my income was just eight hundred dollars. Now, it is twelve. Since then, I've live in a finer one, they will, without stopping to think or inquire, conclude that your circumstances are straightened.

"I know. The world judges by what is seen."

"Of course it does. It is useless for the world with something upon which to predicate an opinion, and that was offered at a high valuation in the coin of the people the world permit themselves to be misled by appearances. If you live in a fine house, people will think you have a fine income; those that live in a poor

Pictures of Life.

THE COMMUNITY OF ECONOMY.

Pittsburgh, June 5, 1845.

I have just returned from a visit to Economy the happiest trip of my existence, and I will give a minute history to you as succinct as what could be under the circumstances.

Understanding that strangers, though treated with courtesy, have only an outside view of the establishment, I availed myself of the kindness of Rev. Walter Forward, who has long been the legal adviser of the Society, and took a letter of introduction from him to R. L. Baker, one of the Chief Men and Elders. With this favorable passport I was received, as I could perceive and attention, and a more interior view than visitors usually obtain. I am not aware that I have or need say anything for publication of which need be considered objectionable by, but I shall endeavor to violate it in no proposition."

Ten into the Beaver packet, or any of the numerous little steamers that were plying almost early every an this end of the Ohio at this season, and in less than two hours and down the river you are at Economy, eighteen miles below Pittsburg. The high ranges of hills through which the river winds, diversified with rich farms, are picturesque and charming; but the cultivation of the bottoms at Economy, with new appearance, little of death-dance. As you approach Economy, however, you observe a change; the fences are suddenly in good repair, the trees and bushes cleaned out, and the fields finer and greener. Orchards come in sight stretching up the hills sides that gently s ope from the bottoms, half a mile or so back from the river. But the most striking and pleasing object is the grouse of Economy are the native trees thinly scattered about, left by good taste and good sense to adorn the habitation and give shade to the earth. The Western practice of lavishing every tree and shrub, and presenting to the eye a bare field, is unsightly, and this servile exception deserves attention: as well as imitation.

The estate is a tract of some 3000 acres, a very from a mile to a mile and a quarter wide, as near as I can advise here, lying on the northern side of the river, mainly in Beaver but partly in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania. Near the centre of the strip a remarkably high bottom or bench of level land, comes bluff up to the river, and on the the space of Economy stands. It is fairly perched above the highest freshets that have been in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and a glimpse of the church steeple and the factory chimneys is obtained from the river, as you pass in a boat. The town is laid out in small squares with wide streets, which are regularly crossed at right angles. In the centre of the town there are about one hundred dwelling houses, some brick and some frame, the latter painted white. Economy is a fanciful principle of the society, and it is carried out in the architecture, the dwellings being tastefully built after one model, and the a very plain and unpretending one, except the elegant mansion of Mr. Rapp, which is large and has an air of refinement and comfort. The houses are rectangular and two stories high, and are very well designed for the squares, their longer sides on the street and their entrances in the yard.— There are ample gardens behind the houses, which are well stocked with the finest vegetables, such as only cultivating ones; they exhibit some flowers here, the borders of the beds being brilliant with carnations, pansies and other flowers. Grape vines too, are gracefully trained against the sides of the houses.

The main road from Pittsburg to Ohio runs through the town, near the centre of which is "Economy Hotel," where travellers and rises lodge. The hotel has not progressed to maturity yet,) and wholesome though not exactly French fare. Near to the Church is a large and spacious brick building, as plain inside and out as a Quaker meeting-house, but containing two grand organs against the choir. In the steeple is the town clock, made on the premises. The view of the domain, the river and the surrounding country from a balcony above is very extensive and beautiful. The only other public building is the Museum, or cabinet, (much in fact it is the Town-House, the second floor of which is a spacious hall for festivals and public meetings. The Museum itself is a very respectable collection of natural curiosities in all departments; the cabinet of minerals is excellent.

At sporadic corners of the town, next the river, are workshops of various factories, but pretty good sized brick buildings, though not so imposing as a Rare-Knitted Cotton Mill—neither are they so engaging, for here the operatives have the fruits of their own toil, and are not impressed sight and day all the year round, but alternate their labors and rest in the Summer season stop the machinery and go into the fields and gardens. There is no water power on the domain; but coal is delivered for less than five cents a bushel at the door, and steam answers all purposes. In connection with the Cotton Mill is a Grist Mill; next it is a Tannery. Here then is provision for the first necessaries of life, bread and clothing, of which enough is made for all and a great deal to spare. In addition to these branches of manufacture is the Silk Factory, which employs a few of people at all seasons; it has only power very profitable and the business is fast rising. The orchards of Morus Multicaulis and the Italian Mulberry are very extensive, but this season they are feeding very few worms. The arrangements of the Society appear very complete, and capable of accommodating an immense number of the safe little sick sinners.

Succeeding, valetudo &c., are carried on as required, but the only branch of domestic labor where are practised in common are washing and baking. The washing is done by steam in immense vats, which secure a neat deal of labor, and relieves the women of that hardest drudgery of the single household.

Everybody understands, I suppose, that property here is held in common. In the morning, before breakfast, you see the women gliding about the town with pans of meal from the Bakery and bread from the Bakery, each being supplied with the quantity needed by their respective families, "without money and without price." I can vouch for the bread being of the best, and if anybody in the river world can get wiser baked, I reckon, under the still batch of the public baker.

In all there are a little over three hundred souls in the town now, and in consequence of the decay of population the dwellings are numerous, and there are many dwellings vacant. There seems to be a fair per-cent of total extinction under the government of Providence. It multiplies and diminishes, and people naturally ask what will become of their property. No one need be troubled, they will know how to dispose of it.

I am not able to state the amount or philosophy of their institution of celibacy here; nor to quote the texts from the Bible which sustain it, but they are Orthodox Christians, and say the Scriptures are so confidently for its truth as their antipodes, the Perfectionists of Oneida County, New York, do for their doctrine of community of wives. I think, however, they have not reasoned out the matter logically into the Perfectionist belief that their doctrine rather rests on sentiment and conviction at the heart, than their assertion of the text of God. The history of its origin is this: In the year 1804, four years after settlement in the country, an older members began to believe that they were too rotten, were too much given to the lusts of the flesh, and the prospect of perfect redemption demurred. In six months the whole Society were imbued with the idea, and there was a general and spontaneous determination to adopt it. They consulted Mr. Rapp, and on hearing, they threw their property into a common mass of life. The men and women did not associate as the Shakers, but men and men and women and women got together in the house as they do to this day. Thus was the interior host of prospective men and women ere engaged on themselves, and of absolute continence by a vow, the latter people are the only virtuous people in the world—the result of history was formed by parallel in the case; men and women, brothers and sisters, young and old, lived together in the Ark, agreeing to live as monks and nuns—and so and so they continued to live for ten years, and then came forth and enter the world! As the principle was adopted as it has been maintained—voluntarily. It is consequently with their religion, and is carried on essential part of that profession which will be manifest to the happy ones in the next world, but it has never been made a law of the social code, the infraction of which would be attended with a up coal penalty. It is conceived an individual s mean, and of any man and woman give way to temptation, it may be their own fault. Having appeared them to the loss of public esteem. But such is sentiment in a community where there is no actual assent in exercising human actions, and in this case I am assured that there has had assent to the inviolability of the principle of celibacy. The strictness with which it has been kept is very remarkable; instances of the lack are given, even in single households! As I am informed this is now twenty-four years since the first members. No child has been born in the society within five years.

A community of old men and women, such as this promises, is certainly a singular spectacle.— Most of the people are above middle age, and many of them are truly Venerable. There are no boys no girls, no youths and maidens, and only a few children of the new comers. The manifest decay of the town is strange and almost painful. An Irishman who was travelling West, and stopped at the hotel, while sitting out at the door in the evening, seemed very much struck with the situation, and addressed me as follows: "I say, Mister, that ain't like a spare town, the quietest place that I see, any way I. Not a chunker a screaming, not a gun popping in the brake. Be the powers! not a little young would be good for the smell of me." I assented, for I felt so he did.

The Society originally settled in 1804 in Butler County, Pa., calling their place Harmony. In 1814 they moved to New Harmony on the Wabash, which in 1824 was purchased by Mr. Owen, since they returned to the present location—removing to get in the business, for they are clever in judging of temporal things, whatever may be their spiritual-ity—probably on the Ohio River a how attractive their purposes. They have been on their present site since then 1825, but fourth, and the movement of 800 members in 1832 through the instigation of a Mr. Bimeler called "Count Leon" from Paris, and he is their present limit—little over 900. They have not had many accessions, for few are placed in advantage in their strict rule of celibacy, and being still and more unpopular by their perverse protection to which they are subjected. The place is very healthy, but considering the time that the Society must have taken the rule of celibacy was adopted the number of the Society still remaining is remarkable. They do not care to receive accessions, though they do not refuse members who unite through principle. They have no discretion to prevent or restrict the world to their fold—shall, they say, they have to a higher Power.

The principles of disinterested members, and the infirmities of old age, they do not manufacture so much as estimate as much and so formerly as they. They set out a good deal of land to members on shares, receiving one-half the produce; and many members have done very well by this means. Others, to them are wish join them. Some of the Economites have property in their own right, and let it to them. This is a good commentary on the principle.

The women retain the garb of the German peasantry, but the men conform more to our fashions. Though the latter are dressed in the common style, and a general uniformity, as a principle which does not prevail in the world, is observable. The old bachelorishness is aimed at as much as possible. The men shave as much as is usual, as others now, and wear beards according to fancy. I saw no patriarchs with full and flowing white beards, which I should have by pleasing sight.

Notices will ever rob: I against the short-sighted assertion of Mrs. and Mrs. Trollope, that many of their Divine right to be obeyed, and as here I witnessed a manifestation of one of the sentiments of the human heart which has been misrepresented. A little girl about five years old, the only child I saw, was brought out by its mother in the morning, and immediately there was a gathering of the women, who, relative to her future destination, went out of an animation gravity and exhibited the liveliest interest in the child. Their hearts spoke right out and they seemed it with country and color of them carrying it away from its mother with the greatest delight. A friend of mine in the last a party of ladies visited the place a year ago with their babies, and that old men and old women all were in ecstasies to contemplate the beauty of the children. The Temple cannot be built with hands made without sin, but the sentiment is not sinful, I will explain a little by saying that all the Economites are expecting to be caught up into the next—are sacred, and must not be clipped or singed by Man's caprice of sentiment or judgment, but they must have full play, when they will be found by heart as harmony and a sentimental "Heaven and Earth" must touch by and by with such a melt the City of God—a perfect Human Society.

There is a text for a whole volume of comments upon the fetters of the Temple raised by our friends of Economy, but I must not spread out limits to your columns or my criticisms, but rather briefly. *Plural Offices may be* the highest principle of life—and that is our insignificant. Their riches I think have been generally overrated, but the results of their efforts are sufficient to life more forcibly the eighth power of re-operation and associated labor. They have no superabundance for all, and have proved at least that Poverty is not a necessary and divine element of society—that Christianity does not require that we shall consider it our duty to make ourselves "the scum and offscouring of the earth and shedder—" absolute shedder," as they term it, and to be a well-organized, working community, subject to supreme authority, which is the real curse of the compelled submission to whatever power it is very true that the principle in some form is the essential basis of order and stability in society, and submission to the will of God organizations the individual is more or less sacrificed—the law of Liberty is infringed by the law of obedience—and the world would be a sad one in a true society perfectly conducted.

While Mr. Rapp lived he was lord over how with the Economists; since his death the Government has been committed to a Council of Seven, with not a supreme authority, having the power in perpetuity their body by filling all vacancies that may occur. Mr. Rapp made no provision for a vice-regent or the government of the Society in the event of his death, and the present impression of the town was that its dissolution would follow, but it has been the policy of the Council to make no change in the meetings and conventions to fix; any change—before they lives and decided. [N. Y. Tribune.

Varieties.

HONEY-MOON CONVERSATION

A correspondent of the Delaware-ian, writing from Cape May Court-house, gives the following report of a conversation between a newly married couple whom he met at Tuckahoe, on their way to Cape May:

"Speak, beautiful creature!" replied the new husband, in a voice overflowing with earnest the expression of his spouse.

"Yes, my love!"

"Adored Eliza!"

"Sweet Solomon!"

"Amiable creature!"

"Dearest William, pardon me—but do you love me as much as you did when you first met Wilkins sang?"

"Yes, loveliest of thy sex, but you may be deluded."

"Fear not, dearest!"

"Scarcely situation—bright dreams of my precarious existence—but I cannot help fearing."

"Fear not, dearest!"

"My uncle Scarlet—I say tremendous orbed—he's exclaimed, pointing to the setting sun—"has promised me a sermon of one hundred and ten yearly being me here—will you, cherished one?"

"Yes, my only pet—my life—my love—I will have you here every year—if my capital holds out!"

"Oh! heaven and bear of thy noble sex, talk not of money—I have enough for both!"

How much longer they talked the writer cannot tell, for he was called away at this point to welcome some friends from Maryland. But so in the same spacious entertainment in the country, no older members began to believe that they were too rotten, were too much given to the lusts of the flesh, and the prospect of perfect redemption demurred. In six months the whole Society were imbued with the idea, and there was a general and spontaneous determination to adopt it. They consulted Mr. Rapp, and on hearing, they threw their property into a common mass of life. The men and women did not associate as the Shakers, but men and men and women and women got together in the house as they do to this day. Thus was the interior host of prospective men and women ere engaged on themselves, and of absolute continence by a vow, the latter people are the only virtuous people in the world—the result of history was formed by parallel in the case; men and women, brothers and sisters, young and old, lived together in the Ark, agreeing to live as monks and nuns—and so and so they continued to live for ten years, and then came forth and enter the world! As the principle was adopted as it has been maintained—voluntarily. It is consequently with their religion, and is carried on essential part of that profession which will be manifest to the happy ones in the next world, but it has never been made a law of the social code, the infraction of which would be attended with a up coal penalty. It is conceived an individual s mean, and of any man and woman give way to temptation, it may be their own fault. Having appeared them to the loss of public esteem. But such sentiment in exercising human actions, and in this case I am assured that there has had assent to the inviolability of the principle of celibacy. The strictness with which it has been kept is very remarkable; instances of the lack are given, even in single households! As I am informed this is now twenty-four years since the first members. No child has been born in the society within five years.

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United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1845.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THIS POST ARE ORIGINAL AND EXCLUSIVELY OURS, SAVE IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Saturday Post; as they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offer themselves, that they will show our Prosperity to some other friend and respectable acquaintance. We are willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it contains all competition. But it be remembered, also, that the paper is *just the same on a first class paper, as on the amount and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please state the name of the Post Office they are changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would please state whether they intend to use subscriptions when they can do so conveniently.

FLOGGING.

Our respected contemporary, the "Germantown Telegraph," has a reply to our article published last week, headed "Flogging in the Army," in which we find it extremely difficult all even to understand the drift of his remarks, and attempt to answer it. The "Telegraph" says:

We are strong with the mortification of the editor of the Saturday Post, in consequence of his article on flogging, and wonder how he can present an argument so weak and inconclusive. He has fallen into the error in the principle of flogging men and flogging boys, and has attempted to show that the former is wrong because the latter is wrong. This is one of the most offensive forms of argument, and a rather unfair one in the case of the editor, the amount of error in which is equal to the amount of ignorance.

The editor of the Post, after quoting what we said in our article, "Solid reasons for flogging," exclaims, "Solid reasons, indeed!" Solid reasons, we repeated all the reasons which we have ever heard or read in favor of flogging, and which we have ever seen in any publication, and then commented on Cowardice, but we have not been able to find a single reason, or even a pretext for flogging, in the article of the editor of the Post. He has not even given the reasons of others for flogging, but has contented himself with a sneer at the reasons which we have given, and with declaring that the editor of the Post "knows the best judges as to the method of punishment."

Admitting how all that the editor of the Post knows, (if where does he know it from?) "that *Courts Martial* are great improvement on the old system of punishment," and that the *Courts of Inquiry in the Navy* is necessary because the *Articles of War* are so defective, we have yet to learn that this is not an ignorant. Those riches I think have been generally overrated, but the results of their efforts are sufficient to life more forcibly the eighth power of re-operation and associated labor. They have no superabundance for all, and have proved at least that Poverty is not a necessary and divine element of society—that Christianity does not require that we shall consider it our duty to make ourselves "the scum and offscouring of the earth and shedder—" absolute shedder," as they term it, and to be a well-organized, working community, subject to supreme authority, which is the real curse of the compelled submission to whatever power it is very true that the principle in some form is the essential basis of order and stability in society, and submission to the will of God organizations the individual is more or less sacrificed—the law of Liberty is infringed by the law of obedience—and the world would be a sad one in a true society perfectly conducted.

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MARRIAGE MATTERS.

For the benefit of our married readers, and especially of the ladies, we copy the following article from the Saturday Evening Post, officially published by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania:

"If a man offers to marry a woman or promises to marry her, and she refuses to have him, he is the action to accept him. It takes two to make a bargain, and the refusal of one is as good as the acceptance of the other. Where a man has a contract or marriage with a woman, and refuses to marry her, she cannot, therefore, recover any damages for the breach of the contract on the part of the man, because it takes two to make a bargain, and the refusal of one is as good as the acceptance of the other. Of course the damages are to be brought, and such one of the respondents may not be left to the action, but could not make out who she was—for instance, if a man should promise to marry some in one two cases. The young gentlemen never have incurred the risk by ever marrying. Having said after some three months of appointments and intermeans. They finally came to the understanding among themselves to draw lots for the one to have the honor—prize of her hand, and found, to their surprise, that each one was the successful one, and kept the flower—ring in the Passage Collect, and the two had some twenty-one costly bouquets by his interposition strangers—Ed. Post.

Fanny Corbin—Kendall describes the proceedings of "French Courts" justice as laughable in the extreme. He says: "I wish you could understand but little of trial by jury, and there it is not to be wished for. Nothing can equal the farce such Courts in Eng and and America. The prisoners, to use his own expression, jaw the Judges, the witnesses take part in the arguments, and not a space is found if it could be ascertain who were the accused and who the accusers.

☞ We once heard of a traveller at a Pennsylvania hotel, who came from one bed at night to examine the woods it, but instead of looking out on the sky, turned his head through a grate way—as a cupboard. "Landlord," cried the astonished man, "this is very singular manner, the night is as dark as *Egypt, and smells of cheese.*"

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

By the arrival of the Niagara, we have one week's later news from Europe. The commercial news is incredible—the accounts from the manufacturing districts are cheering, and, owing to the favorable accounts of the American crops, Cotton has advanced from ½ to ¼ of a penny. Wheat and Corn rise *already!*

Rome has not yet fallen. The French had entered the city, but the Austrians remain in the castle on the right of the 32 of collected a height within the city. One account says that on the 15th inst. the Austrians evacuated the city, but the fact is not so yet, for so is not yet known. The Austrians have concentrated a force of 30,000 men, and are preparing to make a furious bombardment of the city, which fated on the probable destruction of all the historical monuments of the city. The Austrians and French have concentrated a very formidable spirit. Rome the following notice had appeared on the door of the Chamber of Deputies:

"Citizen Deputies!—A fatality causes the armies of the two Republics to engage in battle, on the ramparts of Rome. The blood of the French flows against their comrades' consent; for the members of the National Assembly, the Government, and the people. We cannot allow ourselves to suppose that the French soldiers will be received by every possible demonstration of hatred and contempt, and all the horrors of war. The brave blood, moreover, are the Italian soldiers, who are fighting for their country, and who consider that there is a condition for them to be treated as enemies. We are sure that you are waging against us should place us in that position. Rome is not to be taken by force, but by famine. Rome is not to be taken by force, but by famine. Rome is not to be taken by force, but by famine

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1849.

DEATH OF MRS. MADISON.

Mrs Madison was not dead at the time of our inserting the statement to that effect in our last paper—it was an error of the Telegraph Reporters. She was very ill, however, at that time, and died shortly afterwards. For the following interesting biographical sketch of this accomplished lady, we are indebted to the "Evening Bulletin:"

The death of Mrs. Dolly Payne Madison, which took place on Thursday night in Washington, is an event that seems to require something more than a mere passing notice by the press. An intimate association with public characters and public affairs for half a century, has made her almost as well known a character to the American people as any of our statesmen of the same period. At the same time, her noble qualities of mind and heart have made her not less conspicuous in the relations of domestic and social life.

Mrs. Madison's maiden name was Dolly Payne. She was of Virginia parentage, though her birth took place in North Carolina, during a visit of her parents to that State. A short time after her birth, her parents joined the society of Friends and manumitting their slaves, removed to Pennsylvania, and their daughter received her education in this city. At an early age she was married to Mr. Todd, a young lawyer of Philadelphia, who died a short time afterwards, leaving her with an infant. The young and beautiful widow was not long without suitors, and among the number, James Madison, then a member of Congress from Virginia, was the favored one, to whom she was wedded in 1794. Throughout his long and eventful career she sustained the character of a devoted wife, and was of no small service to her distinguished husband in many of the scenes of his life.

During his administration as President of the United States, she presided over the White House with a dignity and grace seldom equalled, and commanded the admiration of Americans as well as foreigners. Upon the approach of the British army to Washington in 1814, rare heroic qualities were developed in her character. To the last moment that her friends would permit, she remained in the White House, securing cabinet papers, plate and other valuables, and absolutely refusing to leave until the portrait of the Father of his country, by Stuart, was taken down and secured from the impending vandalism of the invaders. Her flight from the White House, and her escape in disguise form an interesting and romantic incident of the [illegible]

Miscellaneous.

SPICE ISLANDS

PASSED IN THE SEA OF READING.

—— "The husband must always stand near the liquid silver of the female spirit with a spoon, and continually skim off the skum which covers it, that the silver glance of *the ideal* may continue to glitter."—*Jean Paul Richter.*

—— "A woman is not able, like a man, to protect her inner castles of air and sentiment on the outer side exposed to the weather.—*Ib.*

—— "The marriage ring is often a Gyges ring, which renders books, and all the arts of poetry, painting, dancing and music invisible."—*Ib.*

—— "For people to live happily together, the real secret is, that they should not live too much together."

—— "Offended vanity is a great separator. You hear a man (call him B) saying that he is really not himself before. So-and-so: tell him that So-and-so admires him very much and is himself rather abashed before B; and B is straightway comfortable, and they get on harmoniously together, and you hear no more about subtile sympathies or antipathies."

—— "It takes away much of the savor of life, to live amongst those with whom one has not anything like one's fair value. It may not be mortified vanity, but unsatisfied sympathy, which causes this discomfort."

—— "There is a class of dreadfully humble people who make immense claims at the very time that they are explaining that they have no claims. They say they know they cannot be esteemed; they are well aware that they are not wanted, and so on; all the while making it a sort of grievance and a claim that they are not what they know themselves not to be; whereas, if they did but fall back upon their humility and keep themselves quiet about their demerits, they would be strong then, and in their place and happy, doing what they could."

—— "Travelling is a great trial of people's ability to live together. Lavater says that you do not know a man until you have divided an inheritance with him; but I think a long journey with him will do."

—— "There is one thing that makes women very unreasonable and unpleasant companions. Chivalry, which has doubtless done a great deal of good, has also done a great deal of harm. Women may talk the greatest unreason out of doors, and nobody kindly informs them it is unreason. They do not talk much before clever men, and when they do, their words are humored and dandled as children's sayings are. [illegible]

BLACK BEARD THE PIRATE.

This freebooter lived in the reign of George the Second, and had united in his fortune a desperate and formidable gang of pirates, styling himself their commodore, and assuming the authority of a legitimate chief. His piracies were often carried on near the English settlements on the coast of North America, where he had met with extraordinary success. Perhaps in the history of human depravity, it would be difficult to select actions more brutal and extravagant than Black Beard's biographer has recorded of him. In person, as well as disposition, this desperado, who was a native of England, seems to have been highly qualified for the chief of a gang of thieves.

The effect of his beard, which gave a natural ferocity to his countenance, he was always solicitous to heighten, by suffering it to grow to an immoderate length, and twisting it about in small tails like a Ramillies' wig, whence he derived the name of Black Beard.

His portrait in time of action, is described as that of a complete fury, with three braces of pistols in holsters slung over his shoulders, like bandaliers, and lighted matches under his hat, sticking over each of his ears.

All authority, as well as admiration among the pirates was conferred on those who, committing every outrage upon humanity, displayed the greatest audacity and extravagance. Black Beard's pretensions to an elevated rank in the estimation of his associates may be conceived from the character of his jokes. Having often exhibited himself before them as a demon, he determined once to show them a hell of his own creation. For this purpose, he collected a quantity of sulphur and combustible materials between the decks of his vessels, when, kindling a flame, and shutting down the hatches upon the crew, he involved himself and them, literally in fire and brimstone. With oaths and frantic gestures he acted the part of the devil, as little affected by the smoke as if he had been born in the infernal regions, till his companions, nearly suffocated and fainting, compelled him to release them.

His convivial humor was of a similar cast. In one of his ecstacies, whilst heated with liquor, and sitting in his cabin, he took a pistol in each hand, then cocking them under the table, blew out the candles, and crossing his hands, fired on each side at his companions. One of them received a shot which maimed him for life.

His gallantry was also of the same complexion as his vein of humor. He had fourteen wives, if they may be so called, but his conduct towards one of them, appears to have been too unfeeling and unmanly to admit of description.

He was afterwards conquered, rather than apprehended, by an expedition fitted out for that purpose, after a most desperate resistance, in which [illegible]

Varieties.

WHAT THE LADIES DO IN CALIFORNIA.—A gentleman who made the trip to California via the Isthmus, writes an interesting account of his travels to a relative in Salem, which is published in the Register. We give the closing part of his letter, dated Monterey, April 22:

Sabbath.—A bright and beautiful day. Distributed tracts this morning to soldiers.

Monday.—All very still now in Monterey. Men at the mines. There is good society here—Mr. Botts and family, (brother of Hon. John M Botts, of Va.,) Gen. Riley and family; Capt. Westcott and family; Major Canby and family; Mr. Larkin and family; Mr. Little and family; and others. There are several pianos in town, and next to nobody to play. We do not go to the mines to preach, because of the enormous expenses of living there—$9, or more, a day—and because people are not fully scattered and moving. No service can be obtained, of any sort, without the greatest difficulty. Ladies have the worst of it. Mrs. B. never did *any* work in Virginia, among troops of servants, but now she does *all*, and is obliged to do *all* her work, I think, including washing. Very good—when she saw she must do it, she doffed all ceremony, and does it nobly, and is none the worse for it yet. So Mrs. C., a woman of complete education and refinement—she can do no other way, and she grows fat on it. Mrs. W. is a beautiful woman, and was brought up in luxury at home, by an uncle. She brought out hired servants, and they had not done the first house cleaning, to move in, after they arrived, before they announce their intention to leave at once. Well, Mrs. W. cried awhile about it, and her husband offered $20 per month to the maid; but it was no inducement, and away she went, and Mrs. W. has cleaned her own house and is "well to do" yet.

☞ "Well, farmer, you told us your woods was a good place for hunting; now we've tramped through it for three hours, and found no game." "Just so! Well, I calculate as a general thing, the less game there is, the more hunting."

☞ Whatever instruction is reaped from history, may be reaped from a newspaper, which is the history of the world for one day. It is the history of that world in which we now live, and with which we are, consequently, more concerned than with those which have passed away, and exist only in remembrance.

☞ I have often followed the poor bird of Paradise in the honey-moon, and, in this moulting-season, picked up the glorious feathers of the wings and tail, which the bird scattered abroad; and afterwards, when the husband thinks he has married a naked crow, I show him the bunch of feathers.—*Richter.*

[illegible]

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST *as a sample*, can be accommodated by notifying the Publishers by letter, *post paid*.

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STORRS' CHEMICAL

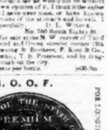
HAIR INVIGORATOR.

[illegible]

TO THE PUBLIC.

Numerous statements have recently been going the rounds, in relation to cures and preventatives of ASIATIC CHOLERA. [illegible]

I. O. O. F.



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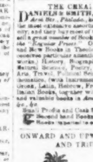

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Selected Poetry.

SERENADE.

Over the mountain side
Twilight is sweeping;
Earthward heaven's thousand eyed
Spirits are peeping;
Through the still grove the breeze
Faintly is sighing,
Breathing forth fragrances
Even in dying;
Soft on the rising haze
Moonlight is streaming,
As if of store days
Sunset were dreaming,
Beauty could ne'er create
Hour which should be
Meeter to consecrate,
Maiden, to thee.

Come, let us steal away
From the world's traces;
Earth's things belong to day,
But the soft graces
Which round the twilight hour
Tremblingly hover,
Ever have been the dower
Of the fond lover;
Of fervor's deepest sigh,
Hallowingly blended
With spirit purity,
Such as has tended
Often the doubt to frame,
To its sweet birth
Which has the closest claim,
Eden or earth.

Few are the sunny hours
Life has to cherish;
Let us not suffer ours
Idly to perish.
Star, on my clouded sky
Lonelily beaming,
Queen of the destiny
Hope would die dreaming,
Spirit, whose potent wand
Joy's life has measured,
Shine where a thousand fond
Feelings lie treasured.
Light winds sigh wooingly,
Tumult is dumb;
All things look smilingly,
Come, lady, come

A Leaf from History

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ROUSSEAU.

[From Lewes' "Life of Robespierre," recently published by Carey & Hart, we take the following chapter descriptive of that philosophy which did much to produce the French Revolution.]

The spirit which animated the Revolution was the spirit of Rousseau. From the Declaration of the Rights of Man to the formation of the Constitution in 1793, there is no important act in which the influence of the Genevese philosopher is not discernible. But beyond this Rousseau has special interest for us here, as the acknowledged teacher of Robespierre, who, of all his disciples, adhered most rigidly to his principles, and gave him the most unflinching application.

Rightly to understand Robespierre, it is first indispensable that we should understand Rousseau. I shall be fulfilling, therefore, the first object of this Biography in devoting a few pages to the political writings of the author of the "Social Contract."

The gaiety, frivolity, wit, and elegance of France, so charming to those who lived in the salons, formed as it were but the graceful vine which clustered over a volcano about to burst; or rather, let me say, it was the rouge, which, on a sallow, sunken cheek, simulated the ruddy glow of health. Lying deep down in the heart of society there was profound seriousness: the sadness of misery, of want, of slavery clanking its chains, of free thought struggling for empire. This seriousness was about to find utterance. The most careless observer could not fail to perceive the heavy thunderclouds which darkened the horizon of this sunny sky. The court and the salons were not France; they occupied the foremost place upon the stage, but another actor was about to appear before whom they would shrink into insignificance; that actor was the People.

The people became the fashion. Philanthropy was *de bon ton*. The philosophers speculated about the people; the *littérateurs* declaimed about them. Courtiers played at being peasants. A village was constructed at Trianon; village *fêtes* were given at royal farms by royal peasants. Idylls were *à la mode*. Florian, Gessner, and *Paul et Virginie* were the flowers of this peasant literature. As in our own day we see some aristocratic writers joining with the most democratic in the senseless laudation of that grandiose abstraction—"The People," —so in unhappy France the warmest eulogists of the starved, uneducated, uncared-for masses, were those who profited by their subjection. Restless, unbelieving, sick at heart of the existing state of things, they played at being peasants and poetised the people!

Among the philosophic nobles, there were some who quitted their *talons rouges* to wear thick shoes; and relinquished their costume to put on that of the bourgeoisie. It was very dangerous work playing thus with their dignities when these dignities were already tottering!

Few were in earnest, because few had convictions. At length a man arose in whom pretence grew into seriousness, paradoxes ripened into convictions: that man was Rousseau. The *Contrat Social* was the Bible of the Revolution. From it orators drew their principles, their political aphorisms, their political language. As a metaphysician, and as a rhetorician, his influence was incalculable. He was the man of his epoch, and therefore was he powerful. He united the elegance and eloquence of the philosophers and *littérateurs* to the sadness and seriousness of the people. In his strange career we see him uneasily moving amidst the salons of Paris dressed in his Armenian robes, creating a sensation amongst the Wits and Poets, the Dilettanti and Beauties; "among them, but not of them;" and then, sick of his uneasy position, brusquely breaking away from all society; turning misanthrope; disdaining all the elegancies of life, and endeavoring in solitude to find that peace among plants, which man denied him.* A similar course is observable in his writings; he commences with a frivolous paradox to end with an extravagant conviction.

The mixture of pretence and reality in Rousseau, of wilful folly, and of glorious truth; of despicable baseness, and of noble qualities, makes up the mystery and piquant charm of his character. "He was," as Carlyle finely says, "a lonely man, his life a long soliloquy." In that soliloquy may be read the heights and depths of human nature. His ideas were often noble, grand, and tender; his acts degraded. He taught mothers by his eloquence to nurse their children, and threw his own children into the Foundling Hospital. His sensibility led him to sympathise with whatever was beautiful; his weakness and selfishness suggested acts which have left ineffaceable stains upon his memory. He was one of that class of men whose practice springs not from their precepts; in whom the unclouded intellect discerns and honors truth, while the will is too miserably weak to act the truth. He has had his acrid antagonists, and his eloquent defenders. Are not both right—both wrong? It is possible to draw, and truly draw, a fearful picture of one-half of this man, but such a one-sided view will never obtain general acceptance; for many will deeply sympathise with what was noble in him, and impartial men will always proclaim it.

Few read his works. That marvellous book "The Confessions," will never indeed cease to find readers, but while "Emile" and "La Nouvelle Heloise" from time tempt the adventurous, lured by celebrated titles, I do not believe that one student in fifty looks into the "Discourse on the Inequality of Conditions," or the "Social Contract." But as these were his great revolutionary works, it is to them that I must here direct attention.

The period which elapses between 1745 and 1764 is at once the most disastrous, and in some respects the most remarkable, in the history of France. [illegible] period offers such striking contrasts. On the one hand, [illegible] beaten in every quarter of the globe, loses her [illegible] marine, and even her honor; on the other hand, [illegible] together at Paris a brilliant band of writers, who are destined to become the guiding lights of Europe. Among these Rousseau holds a foremost rank.

In the year 1750, the academy of Dijon proposed, as the subject of its Prize Essay, this question: "*Has the establishment of Science and Literature contributed to purify Society?*"

It was an absurd question. Absurd because as literature is itself the *expression* of society, which it in turn *reacts upon*, you cannot separate the two, and determine either the influence of literature upon society, or what society would have been had there been no literature: in other words, what society would have been, had it not been society; for society is a *complex* condition, of which literature is a vital element. In rude ballads as in wealthy libraries, literature is an agent inseparable from civilisation. You might as well speculate on what a man's constitution would be without a liver, as on what the constitution of society would be without literature. In this question, however, the metaphysicians of the eighteenth century saw no absurdity. Rousseau determined to answer it.

"One day walking with Diderot at Vincennes, talking on the proposed question, 'Which side do you take?' I asked him (it is Diderot who speaks). He replied, 'The affirmative.' 'That,' said I, 'is the *pons asinorum*: all the mediocre talents will take that route, and you can only utter commonplaces. Take the other side, and you will find it an open field, rich and fruitful, for eloquence and philosophy.' 'You are right,' said he, after a few moments' reflection; 'I will follow your advice.'"*

It was as a paradox which would startle, rather than as a truth which might be commonplace, that Rousseau first threw down the gauntlet against civilization, proclaiming the superiority of ignorance, and the greatness of savage life. There was something piquant in the idea. He confesses as much in the first page, where he asked himself, "How shall I dare to blame the sciences, in the presence of one of the most learned bodies of Europe? or praise ignorance before a celebrated Academy?" But the result is more piquant still: this Academy absolutely awarded the prize to the audacious eulogist of ignorance! After this we cannot wonder if a paradox, which an Academy could crown, should produce an immense sensation in a frivolous society startled by the novelty, and allured by the eloquence of the Discourse. There was an air of serious conviction about Rousseau. A close and pressing logic, bold and sweeping dogmatism, and a masterly style, if they failed to convince, at least left readers in an embarrassment from whence there was no escape. No one was persuaded, yet no one could refute him. Replies abounded; even a king condescended to step into the arena; but Rousseau's antagonists did not see the absurdity of the question, and could not, therefore, see the true absurdity of his answer.

Rousseau's position is this: Science, Art, and Literature are the produce and producers of all the vices of civilization. Man in a state of unlettered simplicity is healthy, brave, and virtuous. He loses these qualities in society. "The ebb and flow of the ocean have not been more regularly subjected to the course of the planet which illumes the night, than the fate of morals and probity to the progress of science and art." This aphorism is universally accepted; and Rousseau's tactic consists in boldly, and without qualification, applying it in the *sense contrary* to that accepted by mankind. He thus continues: "We have seen virtue disappear, according as the light of the sciences has arisen upon our horizon, and the same phenomenon has been observed in all times, and in all countries." This position, so authoritatively assumed, domineers over the whole argument. He subsequently supports it by a magnificent audacity; he gives to every science a vice as its origin!—"Astronomy is born from superstition; Eloquence from ambition, from hate, from flattery, from falsehood; Geometry from avarice (!) Physics from a vain curiosity; all—including Morality itself—from human pride."

No sane man could seriously maintain such arguments, although this was not the first time they had found utterance. St. Aubain, in a now forgotten work, called "*Traité de l' Opinion*," which Rousseau had studied in his youth, advanced most of the objections to be found in this *Discours*. In fact, skepticism had infected every department of human inquiry; until at last men began to doubt whether *all* inquiry were not useless. Rousseau's paradox, therefore, although suggested by Diderot, was the legitimate product of the epoch, and hence its success.

Not merely as a protest against the science and literature of the age did this *Discours* startle France; there were tones in it of a higher strain. There were sentences of serious application. Philosophers were on thrones, were at court, were caressed in *salons*. Princes prided themselves on their patronage of literature. Rousseau, instead of swelling the list of eulogists who proclaimed such liberality as the great virtue of an enlightened monarch, boldly declared this patronage was adroit tyranny.

Extravagant as the leading idea of this Discourse unquestionably is, it was surpassed in his next work. Men are prone to believe in their own lies when they find others credulous; and the idea which Rousseau took up as a paradox to display his ingenuity, produced so great a sensation that he began to believe he had discovered a truth. He had accidentally lighted upon a mine; and now dug vigorously onwards in search of the ore. His own unhappy life, his own unsociable temper, his consciousness of genius, and irritated self-love all fitted him for the task of declaiming against unjust social distinctions; and while thus indulging in his vengeance, he was earning his laurels. He spat upon the society wherein he felt his false position; and the world applauded that indulgence of his wrath!

* "Vous attendrez un homme de lettres, un beau diseur," he writes to a Russian Count, who offered to place his country-house at his disposal, "et vous n'auriez qu'un bon homme, bien simple, qui ses goûts et ses malheurs ont rendu fort solitaire, et qui pour amusement herborise toute la journée, trouve à commercer avec les plantes cette paix si douce à son cœur que lui ont refusée les humains."

* Marmontel, "Mémoires," p. 283, ed. Barrière.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

A California adventurer says that when he first went to the diggings, he hadn't a rag on his back, but now he is *covered* with them.

Science and Art.

CURIOUS FACTS IN THE GROWTH AND CHEMISTRY OF PLANTS.

I make the following interesting scientific extract from papers prepared by Judge Meigs to be read before the Farmers' Club of the American Institute:

Silica, from a Greek word signifying *pebble*, is the characteristic ingredient of a great variety of siliceous minerals; among which rock crystal, quartz, chalcedony, and flint may be deemed nearly pure silica. Rock crystal heated red hot and then quenched with water, becomes friable and opaque. Reduce this to powder, and we have one form of the pure silica. In this state it is *insoluble* in water. But when melted with three parts of carbonate of potash, it forms a glass *which is soluble in water*. From this solution (formerly called liquor of flints) the concentrated acids throw down the silica in the form of a gelatinous hydrate. Silica presents another very remarkable character, which is, that if we *reverse* the above proportions and fuse together a mixture of *one* part of carbonate of potash and *three* parts of pulverized rock crystal or of calcined flint, we then obtain a transparent, fusible compound *insoluble in water*, simply glass.

Now, plants use silica, more especially for the external coats of their stems, fruits, shells, &c.—Straw is most beautifully coated with the crystal. By close observation, it will be seen that by the various motions of the straw, from winds or other causes, the crystal surface is broken into minute rings. This is observable more especially in wheat straw and on rattan. The rings are larger or smaller in proportion to the forces which have bent or twisted the stems during their existence in the field.

Silica has been dissolved by heat and steam, and thus carried up as a vapor, and then fallen like *hoar frost*. Plants, besides this power of using crystal to cover their stems, fruits, nuts, petals, (as in the flower "Eternal,") also use the *metals* to *color* their flowers. We imitate the flowers in our stained glass, as seen in many of our principal churches. Violets have been subjected to chemical analysis and found to contain *gold*. The analogy between the art of man in elaborating colors in crystal from metals, and the power of vegetables to elaborate their colors from metals, is wonderfully striking.

CHANGE OF COLOR IN FISH.

John, on sporting, says that the change of color in fish is very remarkable, and takes place with great rapidity. Put a living blackburn trout into a white basin of water, and it becomes within half an hour, of a light color. Keep the fish living in a white jar for some days, and it becomes absolutely white; but put it in a dark-colored or black vessel, and although, on first being placed there, the white colored fish shows most conspicuously on the dark ground, in a quarter of an hour it becomes as dark-colored as the bottom of the jar, and consequently difficult to be seen. No doubt this facility of adapting its color to the bottom of the water in which it lives is of the greatest service to the fish in protecting it from its numerous enemies. All anglers must have observed that in every stream the trout are very much of the same color as the gravel or sand on which they live; whether this change of color is a voluntary or involuntary act on the part of the fish, I leave it for the scientific [illegible]

A PHENOMENON [illegible] HURRICANE.—There is a curiosity in the possession of [illegible] Chemistry in Rutger's College [illegible], Professor of consisting of a pane of glass with a hole [illegible] it, making a circle as perfect as if drawn [illegible] mathematical principles. It was perforated by the extraordinary hurricane, which passed over New Brunswick about sixteen years ago, levelling in its path a streak of houses the whole length of the town.—In one of the windows this pane was discovered with a hole in it, and what is remarkable about it is, that the perimeter of the hole is so smooth as a polished gem, so that the finger may be rubbed around it with impunity. It has the appearance of being forced out while the glass was in fusion, hence the theory to explain it, namely that the current of air had a spiral motion in the centre of the column, the astonishing velocity of which had collected a nucleus of electricity equivalent to a voltaic pile of gigantic construction, this heat being opposed by the glass sufficiently absorbed it to prevent the communication of fire to other elements in its path, while the suddenness of contact with this amazing heat caused the perforation of a cavity so perfectly circular and smooth. The pane was taken from the window, and now occupies a place in the Doctor's cabinet.

Wit and Humor.

BRIDLING "GREEN" MULES.

FROM THE NEW YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW ORLEANS, *La., June* 18, 1849.

DEAR "SPIRIT:"—As I am once in a while treated with a glimpse at your spirited "Spirit of the Times," and read in it so many hearty jokes and laughable stories, I deem it the duty of every reader to send you such news as is interesting. Under these circumstances, I take the liberty of relating to you a "confab" held with a "green" Irishman.

I was standing at my gate on N—— Street, when a Paddy, five days landed from the Emerald Isle, dressed in a long blue dress coat, brass buttoned, corderoy knee breeches, low thick shoes, and high, sugar-loafed, small-crowned, narrow-brimmed black hat, came up, with his hands under his coat tail, looked me steady in the face, and said—

"Is it here where Mr. G—— lives?"

"It is, my good man," replied I.

"And is he about, sir?"

"He is—I am Mr. G——."

"An' I understan' that yer honor is in want of of some dhrivers?"

"I am in want of one. Do you know how to drive?"

"Sure I'd like to get into your honor's service; what is it ye'd want me to dhrive?"

"Green mules."

"Green mules! Faith I never heerd of a *green* mule afore; but I've dhrov mules and asses of every other color, an' maybe a few days' experience would larn me to dhrive green ones."

After recovering from the effects produced by Pat's ideas of a green mule, I asked him to step into the stable. Looking anxiously around for a moment, he inquired—

"An' where is them *green* mules?"

"There they are," said I, at the same time pointing to a three-year-old roan, then a bay, and to a mouse-colored mule, which had just been haltered for the first time in their lives.

"Sure you wouldn't call them green mules?"

"They are certainly green enough."

"An' may I ax yer honor what you call 'em green mules for?"

"Because they have not been driven often."

"Och! by the powers, now I see it!—they are inexperienced, and not quite nath'ralized! But they are paceable lookin' brutes?"

"Oh, yes," says I. "Suppose you take the bridle, and put it on one of them."

He went to the mouse-colored with the bridle in his hand, saying "kope cole—kape cole!" And laying his hand on the back of the mule, the latter instantly let slip her hind foot, just grazing the poor Irishman, and leaving an impression of her hoof on the partition of the stall. He jumped back amazed, and cried out to me, while I was nearly dying with laughter—

"An' is it to be kilt that you brought me here!"

The bay, frightened by what had passed, now commenced rearing and pitching, and threw herself down. The Irishman was now scared worse than ever, and throwing down the bridle, he cried out to me—

"By my sowl, yez may go to the d—l and git somebody else to dhrive yer green mules and yer red mules too." Yours, &c.

SCIENTIFIC LECTURE ON THE TOAD.

Ladies and Gentlemen.—The animal or rather the reptile, which I shall consider this evening, is commonly called the toad—more uncommonly the land frog. It is a *bird* that has been without feathers ever since they were shot off by the sportsman some hundred years ago—very docile in its position and domestic in his habits. It is more remarkable for good behaviour than personal beauty.

The toad measures more than a small mouse in length, and averages considerably across the back. Its prevailing color is a mixture of nutmeg, ginger, and black pepper, excepting the belly, which resembles dirty white kid. Here it might seem that nature had made an egregious mistake. Had she put the hard, dark, unshowdirtable skin of the back next to the earth, better economy would, I think, have been evinced, and a more refined taste exhibited; but, as Pope says, "Whatever *is*, is as is." It is amply provided with stools, called toad stools, but it always prefers sitting on the ground—generally under a currant bush, a cabbage leaf, or a harrow; and winks most bewitchingly to every passer by, the girls especially. In short, the animal couldn't stand erect if he were to try, and therefore it always receives its company seated. It never walks, trots, canters, gallops, nor flies; but when it moves it goes with a lazy, goutish jerk and a hop, seldom giving more than one in *succession* before it stops to rest, think and meditate upon the improvements, or rather innovations of the age, and matters and things in general. It possesses no tail, and is supposed to harbor no desire for one, since the saying is proverbial that, "It is no more needed than a toad wants a tail." It displays no rings upon its fingers—wears none in its ears; in the place of which it has a precious jewel in its head. Would that as much could be said of the thousand and one fashionable human hop toads in the garden of society.

"THERE GOES MY HORSE."

A noted "man about town" who hadn't dined or breakfasted respectably for three days, cast about him one day last week for a chance to appease his appetite which had got to be enormous, but without success, for a time—for he had run out his credit at the hotels, at the restorators he was known and he couldn't even venture into a bar-room, at eleven o'clock, for fear of encountering too familiar an acquaintance with some attendant's boot!

Desperate, however, and well nigh starved, he went down towards the market, with the forlorn hope that he might fall upon some friend who would invite him to join him over a chop or a "short cut;" but no such friend appeared. Gazing about, his eye fell at last upon one of the well-provided booths which are common in that neighborhood.

As the savory odors of fresh pies, hot coffee, roasted oysters, and the like, fell upon his excited nascent organ, he approached the box, ordered a bowl of old Java, swallowed a dish of glistening Shrewsbury's in a jiffy, gulped down a quartette of generous Sandwiches, and topped off with the biggest half of a smoking custard pie.

"Excellent! Capital—never tasted better in my life!" and similar *expressions* of encomium were showered by this precious Diddler, upon the attentive proprietor of the box, who hadn't had such a customer for a twelve-month, and who saw, in his imagination, at least a four-and-sixpence glistening in prospective, to a certainty—when his customer, after gorging himself to his uttermost, suddenly turned upon his heel, exclaiming—

"Thunder! *there goes my horse!*" and away he darted, at a speed which really astonished the original proprietor of the provender he took away with him.

He is probably chasing the animal yet; at any rate, his friend says he hasn't seen him since he turned the corner!—*American Union.*

A CHALLENGE.—A little fop conceiving himself insulted by a gentleman who had ventured to give him a little wholesome advice, strutted up to him with an air of importance, saying—"Sir, you are no gentleman—here is my card; consider yourself challenged. Should I be from home when you honor me with a call, I shall leave word with a friend to settle the preliminaries to your satisfaction."

To which the other replied—"Sir you are a fool—here is my card, and should I not be at home when you call on me, you will find that I have left orders with my servant to kick you into the street."

[illegible] —An artist who had been employed to [illegible] angel for the spire of a church in a pair of [illegible] finished the work with a good out the error to [illegible] occasion to point angel with brogans on [illegible] artist [illegible] ever saw an work for a moment, with an [illegible] the but recovering himself, rejoined, "[illegible] right, but whoever saw one without?"—*[illegible] Journal.*

The recorder of London, at a city dinner, having been called upon for a song, regretted that it was not in his power to gratify the wishes of the company; a worthy alderman, who was present, observed, that he was much surprised by the refusal of the learned person, as it was notorious that numbers had been *transported* by his voice.

A CAUTIOUS DAMSEL.—A verdant youth from the country was recently dismissed by a young damsel in the city, on the ground that she had been advised to avoid anything green during hot weather.

ANECDOTE OF DR. GILL.—Some eighty years ago a very zealous professor of religion in England went to Dr Gill and told him she had something against him, and she considered it her duty to reprove him.

"Well, my good lady," said he, "what is the difficulty?"

"Why, sir, I think your bands are too long."

"Ah, do you! I have not thought anything about it; I will get a pair of scissors, and will thank you to cut them off as much as you think best."

She replied, "I hope you will not be offended."

"Not at all, not at all, madam," he replied.

Without much ceremony, she folded and cut off quite a large piece of the bands.

"Are you not satisfied? look again and see; perhaps you had better cut off a little more while you are about it, and be satisfied."

"I do not know but I had, I think it is still rather long;" and she cut off a second piece, saying, "There, I think that will do."

"Well, my friend," said the doctor, "I must now tell you I have something against you."

"Have you, sir?" she exclaimed; "what is it?"

"I think your tongue is rather too long, and you had better let me cut off a piece of it."

Selected Articles.

THE LATE LADY BLESSINGTON.

The following account of this remarkable woman,—remarkable, whether we consider her life, her beauty or her relation to society at large,—is given in a late Liverpool Albion, on the occasion of her selling her furniture in London, to go to Paris:—

All the world, and his grandmother, everybody, who is anybody, and nobody, who would be somebody, have been at Gore house this week, gloating over the wonders which the sumptuous predilections of Lady Blessington, and the artistic genius of D'Orsay, have accumulated in that long renowned abode of intellectual luxury.

The Countess has been the talk of the town—of Europe—in more ways than one, for the last five and-twenty years, to go no further back. The most beautiful woman of her time, all the *blasé* habitues of continental and English circles, of all classes, pursuits and tastes—Wellington and Theodore Hook, Brougham and Julien, the late Archbishop of Canterbury and Eugene Sue, Talleyrand and Dwarkanauth Tagore, Valentine Esterhazy and Daniel O'Connell, Metternich and Roebuck, Feargus O'Connor and Guizot, Rubini and Palmerston, Tom Duncombe and Lyndhurst, Viscount Melbourne and O'Gorham Mahon—all admitted that her face and form were but the feeblest elements of her fascination. For reasons sufficiently notorious, society would only take this report upon trust; the Countess was a forbidden guest at every table but those to which the claims of consanguinity gave her access, and at these, except on a peculiar footing.

By something much more than a singular coincidence, there became inseparably connected with her name and fortunes the representative of one of the most ancient and illustrious races in France—Count Alfred D'Orsay, in whose person, mind and disposition the gifts of an Alcibiades and a Crichton would appear to be united and excelled.

Entering the drawing-room, looking out on the gardens and paddock, the first thing that strikes you is its unexpected loftiness and extent; it seems twice the actual size, twenty-six by eighteen feet—but you soon find that this is attributable to the walls being almost entirely covered with looking glasses, some twelve feet high; and this also prevents the least appearance of crowdedness, notwithstanding the extraordinary number of cabinets and decorative objects, there being scarcely an inch of space around the room but what is filled with some rarity or other. But here comes the question—How old is Lady Blessington? An approximation may be made to the age of that other chronological sphinx, Vestris—but nobody seems to know any thing of the birth-day of her ladyship, who is a very Ninon de l'Enclos in the retention of her corporeal and mental juvenility. Her father, the worthy Ned Power, of Curragheen, county of Waterford, appears to have burnt the baptismal registers of herself and her equally fair and * * * * sisters, but we know that it is thirty-one years ago since she married the Earl, and she was then the widow of St. Ledger Farmer, of Poplarhall, Kildare—so if we put that and that together, we shan't greatly offend against gallantry if we assume that she has at least touched the "grand climacteric." The oldest looking of the dozens of portraits and busts of her scattered all over Gore House (some within the present year) represent a woman considerably under forty, and making all sorts of allowance for artistic flattery, it may be taken for granted that she wears wonderfully.

[She was born in 1792, and died in Paris a few weeks since of apoplexy.]

Perhaps the chief feature of the show on Tuesday was her suite of private apartments—a miracle of refinement and voluptuousness. The bed, which, as already stated had been the Empress Josephine's, is in white and gold, with chimeria and mask enrichments, a canopy, and blue India satin damask hangings, and muslin curtains, blue silk covered, white net cover.

The wall against which the side of the bed is placed, is covered with a mirror from the ceiling to the floor, so that the Countess, who is generally supposed to be wide awake enough to slumber with one eye open, was able to see herself, and could hardly be caught napping, if she didn't like. The revealing of these fairy chambers to the rude gaze of even the most fashionable rabble might not perhaps conjure up a very vivid embodiment of the stock tableau on occasions like the present, viz. the disturbance of Priam's dormitory in the second book of the Æneid; but it was sufficiently inciting to melancholy reflections, especially seeing that everything of the most sacred personal nature, from a toothpick to a shoeing horn is destined to the hammer.

The Countess of Blessington enjoyed, it is said, until lately, £4,000 a year from the Blessington estate in Ireland, but extra delay in chancery, in the first instance, and then the difficulty of getting any money at all in Ireland of late, had rendered this nominally handsome income little more than a name. Lady Blessington was accustomed to make a good deal of money from literary sources; these were no longer open. For example, she had £1,500 a year from Heath, the engraver, for editing the annuals that so long have borne his well known name. He is dead, and the resource died with him. Then, says the Liverpool Albion, "Howell and James where themselves the most indulgent of creditors, and would take an order for more goods instead of payment for an old debt; but then came that terrible catastrophe of the autumn of 1847, which placed the affairs of so many people in the hands of assignees; and we all know how little regard assignees pay to sentimental and delicate distress."

AN ELOQUENT PORTRAIT OF THE SAVIOUR.

The following is a description of the person of Jesus Christ, as it was found in an ancient manuscript, sent by Publius Lentulus, President of Judea, to the Roman Senate:

There lives at this time in Judea, a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ.

The barbarians esteem him as a prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call back the dead from their graves, and to heal every kind of disease with a word or touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped—his aspect amiable, reverent. His hair flows in those beautiful shades which no united colors can match, falling into graceful curls below his ears, agreeably couching on his shoulders, and parting on the crown of his head, like the head dress of the sect of the Nazarites. His forehead is smooth and large, his cheek without spot, save that of a lovely red, his nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard is thick and suitable to the hair of his head, reaching a little below his chin and parting in the middle like a fork. His eyes are bright, clear and serene. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness, and invites with the most tender and persuasive language. His whole address, whether in word or deed, being elegant, grave and strictly characteristic of so great a being! No man has seen him laugh, but the whole world behold him weep frequently; and so persuasive are his tears, that the multitude cannot withold theirs from joining in sympathy with him. He is moderate, temperate and wise. In short, whatever this phenomenon may turn out in the end, he seems at present a man of excellent beauty and divine perfection, every way surpassing the children of men.

[illegible]—The London Dispatch, in allu[illegible] the [illegible] speeches made in Parliament, vocation [illegible] Cromwell! whose rope tremble, Ireland [illegible] talk, [illegible] who made Europe [illegible] seek to get rid of chattering Pal[illegible] England [illegible] pies, and pray the 'Lord to deliver him' should Harry Vane? Oh, silent Washington, who could conquer the mighty, and found the greatest empire in the world, but whom a D'Israeli could confound to utterance! Oh, taciturn Brutus, who could even make Rome more illustrious, and delete Carthage from the world's map, but could not outspeak even the rawest of reporters! Have we not 'fallen on evil days and evil tongues?'"

DESCRIPTION OF BULWER.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Toward twelve o'clock "Mr Lytton Bulwer" was announced, and enter the author of Pelham. I had made up my mind how he should look, and between prints and descriptions thought I could scarcely be mistaken in my idea of his person. No two things could be more unlike, however, than the ideal of Mr. Bulwer in my mind and the real Mr. Bulwer who followed the announcement. *Imprimis*, the gentleman who entered was not handsome. I beg pardon of the boarding-schools—but he really *was not*. The engraving of him published some time ago in America, is as much like any other man living, and gives you no idea of his head whatever. He is short, very much bent in the back, slightly knock kneed, and, if my opinion in such matters goes for anything, as ill dressed a man for a gentleman, as you will find in London. His figure is slight and very badly put together, and the only commendable point in his person, as far as I could see, was the smallest foot I ever saw a man stand upon. *Au reste*, I liked his manners extremely. He ran up to Lady Blessington with the joyous heartiness of a boy let out of school; and the "how d'ye, Bulwer!" went round, as he shook hands with every body, in the style of welcome usually given to "the best fellow in the world." As I had brought a letter of introduction to him from a friend in Italy, Lady Blessington introduced me particularly, and we had a long conversation about Naples and its pleasant society.

Bulwer's head is phrenologically a fine one. His forehead retreats very much, but is very broad and well marked, and the whole air is that of decided mental superiority. His nose is aquiline, and far too large for proportion, though he conceals its extreme prominence by an immense pair of red whiskers, which entirely conceal the lower part of his face in profile. His complexion is fair, his hair profuse, curly, and of a light auburn, his eye not remarkable, and his mouth contradictory, I should think, of all talent. A more good-natured, habitually-smiling, nerveless expression could hardly be imagined. Perhaps my impression is an imperfect one, as he was in the highest spirits, and was not serious the whole evening for a minute—but it is strictly and *faithfully my impression*.

I can imagine no style of conversation calculated to be more agreeable than Bulwer's. Gay, quick, various, half-satirical, and always fresh and different from everybody else, he seemed to talk because he could not help it, and infected everybody with his spirits. I can not give even the substance of it in a letter, for it was in a great measure local or personal. A great deal of fun was made of a proposal by Lady Blessington, to take Bulwer to America and show him at so much a head. She asked me whether I thought it would be a good speculation. I took upon myself to assure her ladyship, that, provided she played *showman*, the "concern," as they would phrase it in America, would be certainly a profitable one. Bulwer said he would rather go in disguise and hear them abuse his books. It would be pleasant he thought to hear the opinions of people who judge him neither as a member of parliament nor a dandy—simply a bookmaker. Smith asked him if he kept an amanuensis. "No," he said, "I scribble it all out myself, and send it to the press in a most ungentlemanly-like hand, half print and half hieroglyphic, with all its imperfections on its head, and correct in the proof very much to the dissatisfaction of the publisher, who sends me in a bill of sixteen pounds six shillings and fourpence for extra corrections. Then I am free to confess I don't know grammar. Lady Blessington, do you know Grammar? I detest grammar. There never was such a thing heard of before Lindley Murray. I wonder what they did for grammar before his day! Oh, the delicious blunders one sees when they are irretrievable! And the best of it is, the critics never get hold of them. Thank Heaven for second editions, that one may scratch out his blots, and go down clean and gentleman-like to posterity!" Smith asked him if he had ever reviewed one of his own books. "No—but I *could*! And then how I should like to recriminate and defend myself indignantly! I think I could be preciously severe. Depend upon it nobody knows a book's defects half so well as its author. I have a great idea of criticising my works for my posthumous memoirs. Shall I, Smith? Shall I, Lady Blessington?"

Bulwer's voice, like his brother's, is exceedingly lover-like and sweet. His playful tones are quite delicious, and his clear laugh is the soul of sincere and careless merriment.

"The odorous and gigantic *water-lily* of Amazon, rises with dazzling brilliancy from the midst of a train of immense leaves softly spread upon the waves, *a single one covering a space of six feet in width*."—*Guyot's Lectures.*

From the altar of Mammon, a votary goes away, bearing, as indelibly if not as conspicuously, the marks of the shrine at which he has bowed, as from the altar of Bacchus.—*Tracts for Cities.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA. ACROSTICAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1, 11, 1, 8, is a county in Florida.
My 2, 14, 4, 11, 16, 13, 5, is a county in New York.
My 3, 11, 20, 8, 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, is a county in Vermont.
My 4, 5, 1, 1, is a county in Kentucky.
My 5, 2, 8, 11, 14, 11, is a county in Michigan.
My 6, 2, 3, 19, is a county in Wisconsin.
My 7, 2, 5, 9, 8, is a county in Illinois.
My 8, 16, 21, 8, is a county in Ohio.
My 9, 2, 6, 15, 5, 10, 19, is a county in Virginia.
My 10, 8, 9, 17, is a university in Prussia.
My 11, 4, 20, 17, 14, 4, 13, 3, is a county in New Jersey.
My 12, 8, 6, 16, 13, 12, 17, 3, 19, is a county in New Hampshire.
My 13, 14, 1, 13, 17, 22, 11, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 14, 2, 7, 20, 8, is a county in Indiana.
My 15, 11, 13, 16, 15, 21, 8, 20, 1, is a county in South Carolina.
My 16, 17, 18, 19, 13, 14, is a county in Mississippi.
My 17, 12, 8, 20, 13, 17, is a county in Virginia.
My 18, 5, 6, 15, 5, 20, 19, is a county in Massachusetts.
My 19, 8, 22, 4, is a county in Delaware.
My 20, 13, 22, 3, 5, 10, 9, is a county in N. Carolina.
My 21, 16, 8, 1, 8, 20, 20, is a county in N. Carolina.
My 22, 11, 22, 19, 13, 18, is a city in China.
My whole was an eminent Philosopher.

D. M. E.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 1, 17, 10, 21, 2, is a county in Ohio.
My 2, 7, 21, 18, 10, is a county in Ohio.
My 13, 22, 15, 5, is a county in Ohio.
My 11, 6, 6, 5, 21, is a county in Ohio.
My 14, 13, 12, 24, 15, 22, 21, is a county in Ohio.
My 14, 3, 17, 14, 11, is a county in Ohio.
My 14, 9, 12, 24, 21, 13, is a county in Ohio.
My 1, 3, 6, 8, 24, 7, 14, 15, is a county in Ohio.
My 12, 20, 6, 13, 16, 17, 19, 7, is a county in Ohio.
My 17, 4, 3, 7, 21, 8, is a county in Ohio.
My 1, 25, 25, 12, is a county in Ohio.
My 6, 22, 18, 13, 24, 21, is a county in Ohio.
My 22, 4, 5, 11, 16, 17, is a county in Ohio.
My 14, 22, 21, 18, 25, 20, is a county in Ohio.
My 2, 11, 19, 12, 3, 21, is a county in Ohio.
My 23, 17, 14, 3, 6, 5, 22, 21, is a county in Ohio.
My 17, 19, 17, 14, 8, is a county in Ohio.
My 13, 15, 3, 6, 13, 21, 12, is a county in Ohio.
My 23, 22, 6, 14, 20, 15, is a county in Ohio.
My whole is the name and residence of the writer of this Enigma.

W. A.

RIDDLE.

I banish reason—memory flies;
And beauty, pleasing beauty dies,
Beneath my blood-inflaming sway;
I am a premature decay!
I am the wife and children's curse,
I shorten life and thin the purse;
In hell I must have had my birth,
And am its engine here on earth!
Rage, rags and ruffians are my train,
And my reward—eternal pain!

J. N.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A and B had each a flock of sheep, said A to B, give me 11 of your sheep, and I will then have as many as you now have. No, said B to A, give me 11 of your sheep, and I will then have twice as many as you will then have left. How many had each of them?

AARON ERHART.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a blush like a little girl?
Ans.—Because it *becomes a woman.*

What does a liar do after he is dead?
Ans.—He *lies* still.

When is music like vegetables?
Ans.—When there are two beats to the measure.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMAS.
GENERAL FRANCIS MARION.
WILLIAM WASHINGTON HARLY.

The answer [illegible] Post of last week I take it [illegible] PUMP-KIN-PIE.

in length 22 feet 11 in.—section in the
in breadth 15 " 9 "
in height 8 " 4 "

D. DIEFENBACH.

Domestic Economy.

ROYAL AND NOBLE ECONOMISTS.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

Royal and noble personages have not always considered it below their dignity to superintend, personally, their households; thus, by regulating their expenses, to prevent an undue waste and improvident expenditure. Perhaps our readers will be glad to have some illustrations of this point laid before them, which were collected during our literary peregrinations through some of the continental libraries.

Henry VII. kept memorandums, written in his own hand, of all his expenses; and the rapacious monarch maintained an economy in his palace bordering on meanness. To quote Lord Bacon:—"In expending of treasure, Henry kept this rule, never to spare any charge his affairs required. In his buildings he was magnificent, in his rewards close handed; so that his liberality extended rather to what regarded himself and his own memory, than to the rewarding of merit."

Nor did the prodigal son who succeeded him, Henry VIII., fail in this respect to follow his father's example. In the great library at Paris, may be seen a curious document in French, and in the hand-writing of that sanguinary monarch, containing regulations for the use of the royal household. The extracts we have copied from the autograph manuscript are further interesting, as showing that our merchants' houses in the nineteenth century exhibit more elegance and comfort than was to be found in the royal palaces during the sixteenth;

1. The barber must always keep himself clean, in order not to compromise his Majesty's health.

2. The treasurer shall not keep ragged scullions, who walk about almost naked, and sleep or lie down before the kitchen fire.

3. No meat beyond a certain price shall be served on the King's table.

4. The servants to furnish a sufficient guarantee to provide against the subtraction of wooden bowls and copper utensils belonging to his Majesty.

5. Pewter plate being too costly for daily use, the greatest care must be taken of the wooden platters and pewter spoons.

6. No boy or commissioner shall be kept at court for the use of the servants.

7. Women who are prodigal and extravagant shall be banished the court.

8. As likewise all kinds of dogs, except a small number of spaniels, reserved for the use of the ladies.

9. The officers of the King's household to live in harmony with each other.

12. The stable-boys not to steal his Majesty's straw to put in their beds, as a sufficient quantity has been given them.

13. Between six and seven o'clock, the officers charged with the service of the King's chamber, shall light the fire, and lay straw in the private apartments of his Majesty.*

14. Coal will be only furnished for the apartments of the King, the Queen's, and the Lady Mary's.

15. The ladies of honor to have a piece of white bread and some beef for their breakfast.

17. A present will be made to any of the King's officers marrying—on condition they make a present to his Majesty.

Amongst the French archives we have likewise examined the private journals of Charles IX., and Henry III., one of the suitors of Queen Elizabeth when Duke of Anjou. They are interesting as containing many curious facts, and throwing considerable light upon the manners and customs of the French Court in the sixteenth century. In the diary of Charles IX., the most minute sums are marked down; and the monarch, to whom some historians have attributed the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, is frequently making presents to his old nurse, and invariably accompanying them with some such affectionate language as, "to my good nurse" ("*à ma bonne nourrice*.")

The regulations for the household of Henry III., and said to be composed by that depraved and effeminate King, occupy a considerable number of pages; and the extraordinary character and minuteness of some of the regulations, gave rise to a well-known satire, published during his reign. In the regulations, the duties of every person about the court are pointed out. "No person shall be allowed to swear. None shall touch the royal chair, nor sit down in it. Those entering the royal presence with their clothes in disorder shall be ordered to go out." The dress of the councillors is described, and they are forbidden to appear before his Majesty unless dressed in the manner indicated. There are further instructions for the royal household while attending Divine service. The service—in particular of the royal chamber—is of the most complicated description; and the task of the royal dressers was by no means a light one, which our readers may imagine when they are informed that Henry III. was exceedingly fond of cosmetics, and took especial care of his face and hands. The royal visage was anointed every evening with costly ungents, over which was placed a taffeta mask, in which his Majesty slept.

Although but little comfort was to be found in royal palaces in these times, nevertheless they were far from being devoid of splendor. Notwithstanding the economy practised in the household department, the greatest encouragement was afforded to artists. Genius everywhere found the most noble and munificent patrons, and the palaces presented a magnificence and artistical value we might in vain endeavor to find in our modern residences. A curious contrast with such splendor is found in a letter of Louis XIII. to his Queen, Margaret of Austria, where he writes:

"The season for melons only just commencing, we sought for the best that could be procured, which we should have sent, but for their spoiling before they reached you. We send you a small basket of grapes and a small one of peaches. It it were not for the expense of the carriage, we would send you some oftener."

To cite more modern examples of economy in the houses of the great, we find that Frederick the Great even disputed daily with his intendant about the expenses of his table, and knew the exact cost of every dish served up before him. Napoleon likewise insisted upon regulating his domestic expenses; and De Bourrienne relates that he entered into such minute details as to the expenses of the palace, that when after a visit to Fontainbleau, the accounts were presented to him, the Emperor declared the sum for the orange-water placed in the ladies' rooms had been doubled.

Madame de Maintenon, who, with her confessor, may be said to have governed France during the declining greatness of Louis XIV., considered that her sister-in-law could, with 15,000 francs, (£600) support all the expenses of her establishment. "Meat," she said, "costs five sous a pound, sugar eleven. Your family comprises yourself, your husband, three maid servants, four footmen, two coachmen, one commissioner—in all, twelve persons.

Bread,	per day,	1 franc	10 sous.
Wine	"	1 "	10 "
Butter,	"	2 "	10 "
Wax Candles,	"		10 "
Common Candles	"		8 "

"You ought not to count more than four sous of wine for the four footmen and two coachmen, and you only need two fires in the house for four months besides the kitchen fire.

Expense during the year for maintaining the Family, including Fuel, Wine, &c.,	6,000 francs.
Horses' keep, coaches and liveries,	4,000 "
Rent,	1,000 "
Clothes, Opera, Private Expenses,	3,000 "
Salaries and Servants' Clothes,	1,000 "
Total,	15,000 "

"Thus you see," continues Madame de Maintenon, "that you are wealthy with such a sum, and ought to live like a Princess."

The expenses of housekeeping have it is true, considerably augmented since 1679, when the above letter was dated; and we have transcribed it only as affording an example of a domestic budget in those days, and to prove that housekeeping may be allied to wit, grace and high rank. The fascinating Marquise de Sevigné likewise managed her household, and numerous examples might be adduced from her letters, showing that she knew how to regulate her expenses. Still more might be said upon this subject; but it is sufficiently shown that individuals of the highest birth, alike distinguished by their talents and position in society, have not thought it derogatory to superintend their own affairs, or, in homelier language, keep their houses in order.

* At this period the rooms in England were not boarded; straw and rushes being spread out in winter, and leaves in summer.

BISHOP DOANE.—The health of this prelate must be improving, if we may judge by the following pretty lines from his pen, written "in extreme illness," under the inspiration of "Raspberry Vinegar with Iced Water:"

Breath of Summer, how I feel you,
As you play about my brow;
Wings of damask roses fan me,
Through that bed of violets, now.

Smell of blossom; taste of berry;
Sound of brooklet; dash of bird;
All the memories of my boyhood
Have, in turn, my bosom stirred.

Hand, that holds me; eye that guides me;
Heart, that loved me to the death;
[illegible] devotion thrills my spirit,
[illegible] breathe this summer breath!

[illegible] 1849. G. W. D.

THE MIND, THE HEART, AND SOUL.

The Human Mind, that lofty thing,
The palace and the throne,
Where reason sits a sceptred king,
And breathes his judgment tone.
Oh! who with silent steps shall trace
The borders of that haunted place,
Nor in his weakness own
That mystery and marvel bind
That lofty thing, the Human Mind!

The Human Heart, that restless thing,
The tempter, and the tried,
The joyous, yet the suffering,
The source of pain and pride.
The gorgeous—thronged—the desolate—
The seat of love, and lair of Hate—
Self-stung—self-defied.
Yet we do bless thee as thou art,
Thou restless thing, the Human Heart!

The Human Soul, that startling thing!
Mysterious, yet sublime,
The Angel sleeping on the wing,
Worn by the scoffs of time;
The beautiful, the veiled, the bound,
The earth enthralled, the glory crowned,
The smitten in its prime
From Heaven in tears, to earth it stole,
That startling thing, the Human Soul!

And this is man! Oh ask of him
The erring, but forgiven—
While o'er his vision drear and dim
The wrecks of time are driven,
If Pride or Passion in their power,
Can stem the tide or turn the hour,
Or stand in place of Heaven?
He bends the brow—he bows the knee—
Creator! Father! none but Thee!

Miscellaneous.

THE SEVEN SHILLING PIECES
AN ANECDOTE.

It was during the panic of 1826, that a gentleman whom we shall call Mr. Thompson, was seated with something of a melancholy look, in his dreary back room, watching his clerks paying away thousands of pounds hourly. Thompson was a banker of an excellent credit; there existed, perhaps, in the city of London, no safer concern than that of Messrs. Thompson & Co.; but at a moment such as I speak of, no rational reflection was admitted, no former stability was looked up to; a general distrust was felt, and every one rushed to his banker's to withdraw his hoard, fearful that the next instant would be too late, forgetting entirely that his step was that of all others most likely to insure the ruin he sought to avoid.

But to return. The wealthy citizen sat gloomily watching the outpouring of his gold, and with a grim smile listening to the clamorous demands on his cashier; for although he felt perfectly easy and secure as to the ultimate strength of his resources, yet he could not repress a feeling of bitterness as he saw constituent after constituent rush in, and those whom he fondly imagined to be his dearest friends eagerly assisting in the run upon his strong box.

Presently the door opened, and a messenger was ushered in, who, after gazing for a moment at the bewildered banker, coolly drew a chair, and abruptly addressed him. "You will pardon me, sir, for asking a strange question; but I am a plain man, and like to come straight to the point."

"Well, sir?" impatiently interrupted the other.

"I have heard that you have a run on your bank, sir?"

"Well."

"Is it true?"

"Really, sir, I must decline answering to your very extraordinary query. If, however, you have any money in the bank you had better at once draw it out and so satisfy yourself; our cashier will instantly pay you; and the banker rose, as a hint for the stranger to withdraw."

"Far from it, sir; I have not one sixpence in your hands."

"Then may I ask what is your business here?"

"I wished to know if a small sum would aid you at this moment."

"Why do you ask the question?"

"Because if it would, I should gladly pay in a small deposit."

The money dealer started.

"You seem surprised; you don't know my person or my motive. I'll at once explain. Do you recollect some twenty years ago when you resided in Essex?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike gate through which you passed daily? My father kept the gate, and was often honored by a few minutes chat with you. One Christmas morning my father was sick, and I attended the toll-bar. On that day you passed through and I opened the gate for you. Do you recollect it, sir?"

"Not I, my friend."

"No, sir; few such men remember their kind deeds, but those who are benefitted by them seldom forget them. I am perhaps prolix; listen however only a few moments, and I have done."

The banker, who began to feel interested, at once assented.

"Well, sir, as I said before, "I threw open the gate for you, and as I considered myself in duty bound, I wished you a happy Christmas. 'Thank you, my lad,' replied you—'thank you; and the same to you; here is a trifle to make it so;' and you threw me a seven shilling piece. It was the first money I ever possessed; and never shall I forget my joy on receiving it, or your kind smile in bestowing it. I long treasured it, and as I grew up, added a little to it, till I was able to rent a toll myself. You left that part of the country, and I lost sight of you. Yearly, however, I have been getting on; your present brought good fortune with it; I am comparatively rich, and to you I consider I owe all. So this morning, hearing accidentally that there was a run on your bank, I collected all my capital, and have brought it to lodge with you, in case it can be of any use; here it is, sir—here it is;" and he handed a bundle of bank notes to the agitated Thompson. "In a few days I'll call again;" and snatching up his hat, the stranger, throwing down his card, walked out of the room.

Thompson undid the roll; it contained £30,000! The stern hearted banker—for all bankers must be stern—burst into tears. The firm did not require this prop; but the motive was so noble, that even a millionaire sobbed—he could not help it. The firm is still one of the first on London.

The £30,000 of the turnpike boy is now grown into some £200,000. Fortune has well disposed of her gifts.

PROUD AND POOR.

The family of Mrs. Brown, a good widow, consisting of six daughters, had the misfortune to be poor and proud. Above the gross vulgarity of manual labor, though not above its necessity, they lived in "stuck-up" idleness, and depended mainly on the hard earnings of the mother for support. Finally, Maria, who was the youngest, and rather pretty, managed to win the heart and hand of the village physician, and got married. The alliance being considered as a decided step "up in the world" by all the family, the single sisters grew prouder and lazier than ever, while the doctor's wife took a new and improved set of airs to match her advancement in the scale of "good society." Being comfortably bestowed in her new house, she began to feel the need of somebody to mind the pots and kettles; and seeing a neighbor (a thrifty mechanic who used to be "boss" to her father in the same shop,) going past the door, she called out to him in affected manner, to know "where she should find a servant?"—expecting to get an offer of one of his daughters. "Well, I don't know," said the carpenter, "help is a little hard to be got just now, but there is the widow Brown's girls, who I should think you might get, as they are dreadful poor, and seem to be always out of work." Some neighbors who overheard the colloquy say that madam retreated into her house with a precipitancy that was quite alarming to behold, and never spoke of the carpenter afterwards, but as "a vulgar fellow who knew nothing of the proper distinctions of society."—*Boston Post.*

The Olio.

PARADISE OF DEBTORS.—The number of debtors in the County Prison at York, seems to be always very large; many remain a long time, evincing no disposition to leave the place; and when it is considered what a very comfortable life they pass, with large airy rooms to dwell in, no work to do, plenty of company to associate with, spacious grounds to walk in, and with the county funds ready to purchase food for them if they have not property of their own, all surprise on this score must cease, the wonder really being that there are not ten times as many debtors, which there probably would be, were the attractions of the place generally known. In fact, this prison, like many other debtors' prisons, is a luxurious kind of poor-house—*workhouse* would indeed be a misnomer—where the lazy and extravagant are maintained at other people's expense, and where the bare idea of being required by their labor to do something towards earning their own bread, would be looked upon as the herald of unheard of oppression and cruelty. Of the debtors in York Castle, at the time of my visit, one had been there nearly eleven years, two more than eleven years, and one fifteen years. The Governor said that he did not think these men had any wish to leave the prison. I sent for the men to have some talk with them; and the drift of their replies to my questions was, that they would not apply for their liberation, because in so doing they should have to surrender their property.—*Fourteenth Report of Prison Inspectors.*

COUNSELS FOR THE YOUNG.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider break his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your minds to do a thing and you will do it. Fear not, if a trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one.

Mind what you run after! Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or firewood that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and little great things are completed; and so repeated kindness will soften the heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped to school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work, cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your heads and hearts full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

FROST SLEEP—ITS CURE.—In an excursion made in the winter of 1792-3, from St. John's to the Bay of Bulls, North America, Captain (the late General) Skinner forming one of our party, we had on our return to cross a large lake over the ice, some miles in extent. When about the middle, Captain Skinner informed me that he had long been severely pinched by the cold, and found an irresistible drowsy fit coming on. I urged him to exertions, representing the fatal consequences of giving way to this feeling, and pointing out the state in which his wife and family would be found, should the party arrive at St. John's without him. These thoughts roused him to exertion for some time; but when he had reached the margin of the lake he gave way, and declared he was utterly unable to struggle farther, delivering, at the same time, what he considered his dying message to his family. As there were some bushes near the spot, I broke off a branch, and began to thrash my fellow traveller with it; at first without much apparent effect, but at length I was delighted to find that my patient winced under my blows, and at length grew angry. I continued the application of the stick until he made an effort to get up and retaliate. He was soon relieved from the torpor, and as we were now but a few miles from St. John's, I pushed on before the party, leaving the captain under special care. I left also the stick, with strong injunctions that it should be smartly applied in the event of the drowsiness returning. I soon reached the town, and had some warm porter, with spice, prepared against the arrival of my friends; with this and considerable friction, he was enabled to proceed home, where he arrived perfectly recovered. He himself related the story at the Earl of St. Vincent's table, at Gibraltar, many years afterwards, expressing at the same time much gratitude for the beating he had received.—*Memoirs of Admiral Brenton.*

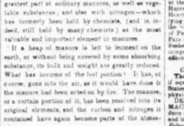
THE SLEIGH BELLS.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

Merrily, merrily sound the bells,
As o'er the ground we roll,
And the snow drift breaks in silvery flakes
Before our cariole.
When wrapped in buffaloes soft and warm,
With mantle and tippet tight,
We cheerily cleave the fleecy storm,
Or skim in the cold moonlight.
Merrily, merrily! merrily, merrily!
Merrily sound the bells.

Merrily, merrily sound the bells
Upon the wind without,
When the wine is mulled and the waffle curl'd,
And the song is passed about.
While rosy lips and dimpled cheeks
The welcome joke inspire,
And mirth in many a bright eye speaks
Around the hickory fire.
Merrily, merrily! merrily, merrily!
Merrily sound the bells.

Agricultural.



THE LAWS OF MANURE.

FROM THE ALBANY CULTIVATOR.

We not[illegible] that the question—"*Do manures ascend or descend?*" has lately been considerably discussed. For our own part, we should no more think of asking or discussing such a question than we should whether *moisture* ascends or descends. It obviously does both; and so it is with manures, unless the term manures is to be restricted to *mineral* substances only.

But though we believe that the valuable parts of manures may be both carried into the air and washed into the earth, we do not admit the propriety of some positions, by which the fact is attempted to be illustrated. For instance, it is said: "the *gases* of manure ascend, but the *salts* descend." The fact is here lost sight of, that the same substances are capable, under different circumstances, of assuming both a gaseous and solid form. Such is the case with carbon—which constitutes the greatest part of ordinary manures, as well as vegetable substances; and also with nitrogen—which has formerly been held by chemists, (and is, indeed, still held by many chemists) as the most valuable and important element in manures.

If a heap of manure is left to ferment on the earth, or without being covered by some absorbing substance, its bulk and weight are greatly reduced. What has become of the lost portion? It has, of course, gone into the air, as it would have done if the manure had been acted on by fire. The manure, or a certain portion of it, has been resolved into its original elements, and the carbon and nitrogen it contained have again become parts of the atmosphere.

The nitrogen in manure is in the form of ammonia, and that it escapes during fermentation, has been proved; it is perceptible by the smell, and has also, by means of acids, been detected in its ascent. Most people are familiar with ammonia in the form of a salt, and know that in this form it is extremely volatile, and readily passes into an aeriform state. It is also easily soluble in water; and is, therefore, readily washed into the earth by rains. Thus the very substance which forms a salt, may become a gas and ascend into the air; or it may become a liquid and descend into the earth.

Manures may be combined with substances which will prevent the escape of ammonia; such as charcoal, charcoal-dust from coal-pits, peat, muck, soil, and vegetable or carbonaceous substances generally. If the process of fermentation is properly regulated, and the manure is combined with articles which will absorb the gases as they are disengaged there will be no waste. It may be considered a rule, that whenever smell is emitted by manures, some of their valuable properties are dissipated; hence their odors should be saved and converted into vegetable substances, in which condition they are not only more agreeable to the *olfactories* but become substantial elements of animal nutrition.

As to the *sinking* of manures, there is positive evidence of the fact. We have in many instances seen its effects to the depth of several feet. On the farm of Mr. Prentice, near this city, it was lately noticed, in digging a cellar near where a compost heap had laid, that the earth, to the depth of three feet from the surface, though it was of quite a compact and clayey nature, was so impregnated with the qualities of the manure that they were plainly perceptible—and the effects of manure are always traceable to a greater or less depth, in proportion to the porousness of the soil and the quantity of manure applied. It is Liebig's opinion that the soluble parts of manures, "phosphates, and other salts with alkaline bases," are drawn off, and wasted to a great extent by percolation.

The depth to which manure should be buried is another subject, which, in connexion with the question, whether they rise or fall, has been much discussed; and some, who believe that manures *always* ascend, have arrived at the conclusion that they should be placed from "a foot to eighteen inches under ground.

We do not suppose it is practicable to lay down any fixed rule in regard to the covering of manures. Some general principles, however, may form a guide. It is evident that manures can only afford nutriment to plants when they are in a soluble condition. In their application, therefore, the causes which produce solution and decomposition should be regarded. The causes are, principally, heat, air and moisture, though in the elimination and assimilation of food by plants, light and electricity, are evidently powerful agents. Most of these principles act with the greatest force near the surface.

In some cases, as in dressing grass lands, we would *spread* manures on the top of the ground. But in such cases, we would use a well rotted compost, in which the animal manures had been combined with such substances as would absorb the matters that during fermentation might pass off. The reason why we would prefer, for such a purpose, manure that had passed through the first stages of decomposition in the manner mentioned, is, that it would be more readily soluble, than in a fresher state, and would be immediately available to the crop while at the same time its fertilizing principles would be so far combined and fixed, as not to be liable to waste.

But the practice of leaving manures *entirely* on the surface, is not, in many cases, judicious, for the following reasons: 1. If it is applied in an unfermented state, uncombined with absorbent substances, some of its valuable properties might be lost during decomposition. 2. With hoed crops, fresh or fibrous manures, on the surface of the ground, would be an obstacle, (more or less according to quantity,) to cultivation. 3. Manures of any kind, or in any state, when left on the surface, might, from being kept too dry, fail to benefit the crop for which they were intended. Let it be recollected that they are only available to plants when in a soluble state; and to be made soluble they must be kept moist. We would therefore cover manures to such a degree as would secure the advantages and avoid the objections here indicated, and no more.

On tenaceous soils, a *mechanical* effect is sought to be produced by manures; that is, a greater friability of the soil. This purpose is best accomplished by ploughing in strawy or fibrous manures in a fresh or unfermented state. This is obviously, however, quite a different thing from the application of manures to *feed a crop*.

SALT FOR STOCK.

FROM THE BOSTON CULTIVATOR.

MESSRS EDITORS:—There is just one remark, in your correspondent, John Comber's answer to H. Green's inquiries respecting the use of salt, which I wish to notice. He says, that "Salt, when fed to stock has a tendency to make the coat lie smooth." Now we know, that we judge of the health of the animal by this unerring criterion—the laying of the coat; and how quickly do the coats of our horses stare and become full of dust, or dandruff, unless they are in health. Just so, with every other animal, man not excepted; for how often do we find our hair of a morning determined not to stay put, but to rise on end, until the operation of smoothing, by combing and brushing, becomes painful. This state of things we know, is indicative of sickness and *discomfort*; but remove the cause, and the effect follows, namely, a return to health, with the hair flexile, smooth, and close.

I believe, the free use of Salt is the only cure, or rather, preventive of the disease, the botts in horses; I think it is Bordley, who remarks, while he farmed in the interior of the country, his horses were never free of this disease; but when he removed to a farm on tide water, where his teams drank from the river, of water considerably salt, they were immediately relieved, and continued remarkably healthy forever after. Sheep have been kept on confessedly unsound meadows the whole day; it was only to remove them at night to upland pastures, with plenty of salt in their troughs, and no instance, or fear of the rot, ever occurred. May I venture to presume, that salt causes a degree of fermentation of the food in the stomach, and prevents the cold and unwholesome herbage of those unhealthy meadows from becoming a dead and putrid mass, causing indigestion, and poisoning the sources of life—a sufficient cause for the terrible malady, rot in the sheep, and for those disorders analogous in the human subject, known by the term dyspepsia; but of which I have reason to believe, that salt would prove a prevention, as also a cure, if timely administered. We have lately heard of many cases of scurvy in our ships during long voyages—who is it that says, fresh salt has been found a cure for this scourge of the ocean?

NAPOLEON'S HEART.—When Bonaparte died it is well known that his heart was extracted, with the design of being preserved. The British physician, who had charge of the wondrous organ, had deposited it in a silver basin, among water, and retired to rest, leaving two tapers burning beside it in his chamber. He often confesses to his friends, while narrating the particulars, that he felt very nervously anxious as to the custodier of such a deposit, and, though he reclined, he did not sleep. While lying thus, awake, he heard, during the silence of the night, first, a rustling noise, then a plunge among the water in the basin, and then the sound of an object falling, with a rebound on the floor—all occurring with the quickness of thought. Dr. A sprang from his bed, and the cause of the intrusion upon his repose was explained—it was an enormous Normandy rat dragging the heart of Napoleon to its hole! A few moments more, and that which had been too vast in its ambition to be satisfied with the sovereignty of continental Europe, would have been found in a more degraded position than the dust of Cæsar stopping in a beer-barrel—it would have been devoured as the supper of a rat! To such vile uses must we come at last!

VALUE OF A DOLLAR.—If you would learn the value of a dollar, go and labor two days in the burning sun as hod-carrier. This is an excellent idea; and if many of our young gentlemen had to earn their dollars in this way, how much less dissipation and crime should we witness every day. So of our fashionable young ladies—if they, like some of the poor seamstresses of our large cities, had to earn their dollars by making shirts at twopence a piece, how much more truthful notions would they have of the duties of life and their obligations to the rest of the world.

Advertisements.

LIVER COMPLAINT,
JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS, *and all diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach in either male or female.*

Such as Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness or Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heart-burn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or webs before the sight, Fever and dull pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of evil and great depression of Spirits can be effectually cured by

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S
CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS

Their power over the above diseases is not excelled, if equalled, by any other preparation in the United States, as the cures attest, in many cases after skilful physicians had failed.

DERANGEMENT OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH are sources of insanity, and will also produce diseases of the *Heart, Skin, Lungs, and Kidneys*, and lays the body open to an attack of the *Cholera, Bilious, or Yellow Fever*, and is generally the first cause of that most baneful disease, *Consumption*.

OPINIONS OF THE PHILADA. PRESS.

The Dispatch, December 31st says:—AN INVALUABLE MEDICINE.—We have frequently heard the Celebrated German Bitters, manufactured by Dr. Hoofland, spoken of in terms of commendation, and we know deservedly so. It is a too common practice, in certain quarters, to puff all manner of useless trash, but in the case of the above Bitters, hundreds are living witnesses of their great moral and physical worth.—As a medicine for the Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Nervous Debility and Dyspepsia, it has been found invaluable, effecting cures and thoroughly eradicating diseases, when all other medicines have failed. We feel convinced, that in the use of the German Bitters, the patient does not become debilitated, but constantly gains strength and vigor to the frame—a fact worthy of great consideration. The Bitters are pleasant in taste and smell, and can be administered under any circumstances to the most delicate stomach. Indeed, they can be used by all persons with the most perfect safety. It would be well for those who are much affected in the nervous system, to commence with one tea spoonful or less, and gradually increase. We speak from experience, and are, of course, a proper judge. The press far and wide, have united in recommending the German Bitters, and to the afflicted we most cordially advise their use.

READ THE FOLLOWING.

It is from one of our first druggists—the proprietor of the "Medicated Worm Syrup."

Philadelphia, Nov. 22d, 1848.

Dear Sir,—It is with much pleasure that I testify to the extraordinary virtues of your German Bitters, having sold largely of them these last few months to various persons, afflicted with Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, and Debility of the Nervous System. I can say conscientiously, that they are the best articles of the kind I have ever sold, (and I deal in all the popular medicines) and I consider it the only medicine for the above diseases before the public.

I have never sold one bottle that has not given satisfaction, and brought forth the commendation of those who used it.

I deem this my duty both to you as the proprietor of this highly valuable article, and to those afflicted with the above complaints, that they may know of its curative properties and to enable them to select the good from the various articles with which our market is flooded. With much respect, I remain yours, &c.,

J. N. HOBENSACK, Druggist,
Corner of Second and Coates streets.

Can stronger testimony be adduced by any Preparation before the public? A single bottle will convince any one of their power over disease. They are ENTIRELY VEGETABLE, and will permanently destroy the *most obstinate costiveness*, and give strength and vigor to the frame, at no time debilitating the patient; being also grateful to the most delicate stomach under any circumstances.

For Sale Wholesale and Retail at the principal depot

GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,

No. 278 RACE STREET, one door above EIGHTH, Philadelphia, and by JOHN F. LONG, Lancaster—D. W. Gross, Harrisburg—WM. THORN, Pittsburg—Jno. RITTER & Co., Reading—J. H. EUSTACE & Son, Richmond, Va., M. A. Santos, Norfolk, Va., Haviland, Harral & Co., Charleston, Boatwright & Miot, Columbia, Anderson & Barksdale, Laurens, C. H., S. C., W. Haines, Augusta, Geo., and by respectable dealers generally throughout the United States. my26-1y

FASHIONABLE BLIND STORE.—The undersigned having taken the store formerly occupied by J. W. Cassedy, No. 7 Hart's Buildings, Sixth above Chesnut street, where he has on hand Blinds of original Patterns, Colors and Trimmings, and will manufacture to order warranted to be equal to any in the United States, would respectfully invite the public to call before purchasing elsewhere.

Manufactory and store 347 Race street below 10th. Sale store No. 7 Hart's Building.

ap14-1y

ROBERT W. KENSIL,
Practical Blind maker.